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Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Samuel S. Stuts deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 22nd day of April, 1902, by the Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri, having claims against said estate are requested to exhibit them for allowance to the executor within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they will be forever barred. G. W. CUMMINS, LEWIS STUTTS, Executors.

Notice to Teachers.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Education of Maitland, will receive applications from teachers, for the various departments of the public schools, until Saturday, May 10th, 1902. For further particulars address, E. W. HUNTER, Clerk, Maitland, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

LIFE OF T. DEWITT TALLMAGE, by his son, REV. FRANK DEWITT TALLMAGE and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Tallmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately CLARK & CO., 222 S. 4th St. Phila., Pa. Mention this Paper.

Public Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri, made on the 14th day of April, 1902, the undersigned public administrator for said county, has taken charge of the estate of Anna Thomas, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said order, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they will be forever barred. This 25th day of April, 1902. M. D. WALKER, Public Administrator.

MAJOR MONTFORD'S ODD STORY.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

"Speaking of spirit manifestations and the etheric double," said Major Montford, when Miss Blavatsky, Mrs. Colonel Olcott and all the modern adepts had been discussed. "I don't profess to understand anything about occult science and I am prompted to confess that one little experience I had in India—"

"If you tell that story, Major, I'll spoil the room. You know that I can explain away your whole theory. That Marjheet adept was all right. It was the fault of the camera or something."

"Now, come, come, Anne. Don't spoil the story. For your hand at a Welsh rabbit if you don't like to hear it, but let me tell my story my own way first. You can add all the trimmings afterward."

So the sweet little lady pouted like a sweetheart at the florid beau who had been her husband for five years and left the room.

"I was quartered at Marjheet that year with my squadron of the Household Cavalry. It was our first try-out in the tropics, and every jolly officer line and staff, was dying of ennui."

"Well, we were hard put to it for recreation until Ensign Pitcairn, a weird-faced, inquisitive young chap began to give us all the creeps with his stories about occultism, astral bodies, spooks and manifestations." Well, Dinwiddie and Pitcairn and I kept up the best mess in the station, and, of course, every buck in the garrison who had the entire sponged off our hospitality. So when they were all worked up with the ensign's story I hit upon the canny idea of getting up one of the Indian adepts, as Pitty called them, to give a seance in our garden."

"So Pitty arranged matters with his sorcerer and I sold tickets to the entertainment at two shillings, English money."

"Except for the colonel and the major surgeon we had no chairs, and the audience squatted around in a circle upon the sand. We borrowed a few torches from the quarter-master though we didn't need them, as it turned out, for the moon was well over the low roof of my quarters before Pitcairn, as self-important as Mrs. Jarley herself, came in with Ali Beg, the vaunted mystic, who alone could make sure my personal guarantee that the entertainment was 'worth the fee.' Pitty led his adept into the center of the ring, a space about twenty feet in diameter, and introduced him with a pompous salutory and a general wave of the hand. The Tommies, who had no respect for anything 'native,' hooted the miserable Indian, who almost groveled before them, calling him 'Aven't you any apparatus?' The performer, who was almost a skeleton, had brought with him none of the paraphernalia which European 'magicians' always have about them, though he wore upon his skinny shoulders a dirty, drab-colored cloak, which he unwound and dropped upon the sand as he saluted Colonel Dinwiddie and the ribald ring of 'sahibs' round about."

"But hear what Ali Beg did before our unbelieving eyes. Having dropped his cloak upon the sand, he unbelted a crooked scimitar that hung by his side and laid it behind him. Then with a strange exclamation he fell upon the cloak, rolled it between his feet, paddled it, smoothed it and peeped beneath it, as it seemed suddenly to spread and spread. The silence of curiosity, if not of respect, fell upon us but I confess that my hair stood on end, but I confess that my hair stood on end and I could feel the goose-flesh on my spine, when the wizard jerked away the cloak and disclosed a chubby, bright-eyed, naked Indian boy sitting squarely before us upon the sand. It could have been no ordinary hallucination, for the child leapt nimbly to his feet, chatting to his creator Ali Beg, as we exchanged cries of wonder. I'm afraid I'm telling it very badly, am I, Anne?" (This to Mrs. Montford, who had come to listen at the doorway.) But she said: "No, it's all right. Only don't go past the place where I come in, please, Harry."

"All right, Anne. Then, let's see Oh, yes, the boy was there as real as any boy I ever saw at night by the light of either moon or torch. The adept bowing and grinning like a pleased chimpanzee, now dropped the cloak again, went hysterically to work with his lean hands, turning from his task only twice to look at the boy who stood silent beside him gazing about at the white faces of the fascinated audience. When the cloak began to assume the form and size that seemed to satisfy the adept he whipped it away again, and there, as plain as himself, or the boy, yawning as if just awakened, its mean, furtive, yellow eyes darting lurid glances upon us, lay a full-grown leopard, the hair on his tawny back rising angrily as Ali kicked him into a standing posture, his forthright breath coming to our nostrils as he snarled with rage, his tail whipp-



STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901. Ever since the first appearance of my menes they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Drumlet, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years.

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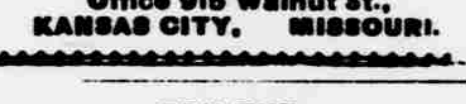
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the sand into our faces as he lashed it about. Oh, it was a real leopard, I think. At all events, I remember some of us who happened to have them slipped out our pistols.

"But it was the climax of the weird spectacle which followed. By a series of vindictive kicks and cuffs the adept was working the sinister beast into a fury. The great cat was snarling and snapping, leering and striking at him when he suddenly flung the cloak round the boy, who, all calmer and silence, was standing near. Then thrusting the drab mass of boy and cloak at the creature. All stopped aside and stood motionless while the brute fell tooth and claw upon the covered boy. There was a roar, a fountain of sand, the men jumped up, some scared, some furious, some ran to the house for weapons, and it would have gone hard with Ali Beg and his diabolical beast if Pitcairn had not jumped up, cool as a veteran on dress parade, to restore order. But we were all standing, excited and panic-stricken, over the boy's fate, when the howling oriental suddenly laid his hand on the leopard, withdrew the cloak and showed us that the boy was gone. Devooured? Vanished?"

"I don't know, gentlemen," said Major Montford; "I can't tell what became of the little black fellow. Ali Beg had no sooner made his low obeisance (they call it 'salaam') to Colonel Dinwiddie and the circle than he waved the empty cloak a few times, spread it above the leopard's head and covered that chop-licking demon. As we looked the cloak dropped down, down, till it lay flat and spreading on the sand. The leopard was gone! I picked up the ill-smelling cloak myself, and in the earth had opened and swallowed the beast. It could not have disappeared more thoroughly. Well, that's nearly all of the 'supernatural' part of the story. We repeated it till every man in the station was half daffy about mysticism and bankrupt with paying admission fees. We'd have all become Buddhists, I guess, if one fine day Colonel Dinwiddie's niece hadn't come along, touring India with a party of English folks and a camera. She was the prettiest, dearest—"

"Now, stop, Harry!" cried Mrs. Montford. "I'll finish the story. Well, as the major was saying, I came along and found the whole station crazy about the mysterious performances of Ali Beg. Of course, I had a camera, and I made up my mind to see the 'show' and make as many pictures of it as I could. Of course, that meant a 'matinee' in the middle of the day, when the sun is at the proper angle for photographs. And we had it. It all happened just as Harry told it, and I was snapping away all right till—well, I didn't exactly—"

"Out with it, Anne! You fainted when you saw the leopard," laughed Montford.

"But you, you picked up the kodak and went ahead snapping it and turning the films, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I was quite methodical about it, too."

"Now, what do you think?" concluded the major's wife, putting his disappointment, "when we developed and printed those pictures there wasn't a sign in any of them of Ali Beg, the boy, the leopard or even the cloak."

"Was there a picture of anything?" asked Mr. Hammersly, the spiritualist.

"That's the funny part of it," explained the major, "the pictures of the group of staring officers and soldiers were perfect. Get them down, Anne. I never knew how perfectly idiotic poor Pitcairn could look till I saw those photographs."

A Half-Breed, a Bull, a Herd.

Roaming in absolute freedom in the beautiful Flathead valley, on the Flathead Indian reservation, Montana, is the largest herd of buffalo on the continent. The noble animals have practically all the freedom that was theirs in the days when they were monarchs of the plains. This herd is the property of a half-breed of mixed Indian and Mexican blood named Pablo, whose home is on the reservation and who is reported to be worth 2½ million dollars. He does not look it in his suit of citizen's clothes, broad-brimmed hat and blanket, but he is as shrewd a ranchman as is to be found on the Western plains, and he has increased his government allotment of cattle and lands until he has amassed a vast fortune. He has two houses, one on the reservation and the other in the nearby little shipping town of Selish on the Northern Pacific railroad.

Pablo owns one hundred thousand head of cattle and takes a justifiable pride in them, but he especially glories in his herd of buffalo, which numbers 250. Pablo's regard for his buffalo is intense. He is not keeping them for profit and will not sell a single specimen. He loves them because they are a part of the old free life he loved and loves still. He has a fellow feeling for bison because, like his own race, they have been driven from their old ranges. So he has gathered together all that he could get and has placed them on the magnificent range at the outlet of Flathead lake.—Omaha Bee.

ROMANCE OF THE OYSTER.

A Half-Century Ago the Oyster was a Ripe Oyster.

Popular fallacy sets down the oyster as the emblem of crass materialism and lumpy unprogression. Now, by rights the wild oyster—for all his outward plainness—is the most picturesque of all monsters of the deep. Not from the chafing dish standpoint alone is the thing of interest and a joy forever. His career reads like a stirring romance.

Of all wild oysters most picturesque is the American. Challenge, if you will, the imputation of nationality to shellfish; the American oyster is none the less the personification of Yankee Doodleism. His declaration of independence is made as soon as I had almost said before—he is born. The effete European oysterling lies coddled within the mantle of its mother until it is of visible size, and can sport a rudimentary shell of its own. But the American, mark you, deserts its happy home for open ocean while it is yet not so much as a finished egg, a mere possibility of an oyster.

Fate willing, in the sea it develops with startling rapidity into a dancing slime-drop with distinct views of its own. But fate oftener turns down ner inexorable thumb, and the rash eglet ceases to be a possibility at all. Were it not for this wasteful provision of nature in a few seasons the wet sea would become as the dry land. For as the ordinarily provident oyster parent presents the world yearly with some 16,000,000 of eggs, the best of them achieving a record of 60,000,000, it takes but a little figuring to show that if all the offspring survived the fourth generation of oysters would brim the ocean beds full.

To avert this calamity nature makes life lively and strenuous for the young oyster. Most friendless of all the youngsters of the earth, he is an infant Ishmael from the very egg. Sudden chills strike through the unkindly sea and threaten his tender life. A cold rain sends thousands of luckless oyster babes to an untimely grave. Great mouths gape wide to devour him; and big idle fish, sailing careless, open-mawed, may gulp down millions of his kind and thereafter go home with a keen appetite for breakfast. His own mother, who is after all little more than a superior sort of sieve for sea water and its microscopic life, will incontinently swallow him if he comes her way.

The oyster nursing whisks his way bravely through this sea of trouble. He is now a little two-walled vase of slime, with an exacting stomach, and a little tuft of hair-oars to drive him through the water. The wonder is that the undirected young thing knows what to make of himself at all. Scientists are hard put to it to discover wherein he differs from any of half a dozen other minute sea babies. Nor can their strongest microscopes search out any reason why he should not inadvertently grow up a star-fish. But he makes no mistake. He gets his organs proper to a well-bred oyster and builds him a little protecting shell as fast as ever he can.

Spared to days of discretion he prepares to settle down in life. Here a fresh danger besets him. The choice of a bed is a life-and-death affair. Even now he is but one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and rather thinner than a sheet of paper. The merest film of slime upon the shell he fastens to, is enough to asphyxiate him and snuff out his little vital spark. And clean shell surfaces are by no means common in the brackish waters of bays and river-mouths. Oyster infants are smothered in their beds each year in myriads.

This final peril of his fleet-swimming youth evaded, a clean foundation secured, the little oyster cultivates a placid disposition, and hardens his shell, but not in unmolested peace. As a delicacy he is much appreciated by the larger sort of fish, who long to crunch his fragile housewells and feast upon his juicy little body. His only protection lies in formidable armour. He builds upon the native oyster-bed, where lime from dissolving shells is to be had for the taking, and adds layer to layer for dear life.

Even inside crusted walls of lime, he is not safe. The star-fish, that flabby innocent called "devil's fingers," has a pull which avails much on the oyster beds. It wraps its wicked suckered rays about the luckless bivalves, and patiently pulls, until the oyster inside capitulates, fairly tired out in the struggle to hold his house together and is sucked into the star-fish's greedy stomach.

Another enemy, the oyster drill, whose tongue is a rasping file, perforates his thickest shell, and eats his way out of house and home. Sea with the best intentions in the world, twine their stony folds about his valves and incarcerate him, to die of slow starvation. Barnacles crowd him to death, and in his old age young oysters plant themselves thick upon his shell, and smother him beneath them. Altogether, statisticians say,